Disgressing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue sowrne but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou hast vowd to cherish,
Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,
Mishapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleſſe souldiers flaske,
Is set a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What rowse thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy, *Tibalt* would kill thee,
But thou slewest *Tibalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turne it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe of blessing light vpon thy backe,
Happinesse courts thee in her best array,
But like a mishaued and sullen wench,
Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heede, take heede, for such die miserable.
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt liue till wee can find a time
To blaze your marriage reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thousand times more ioy
Then thou wentst forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue staid here all the night,
To heare good counsell, oh what learning is:
My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.

Ro. Do so, and bid my sweete prepare to chide,

Nur. Here

Nur. Here sir, a Ring she
Hie you, make haste, for it gr
Ro. How well my comfort i
Fri. Go hence, goodnight
Either be gone before the wat
Or by the breake of day disg
Soiourne in *Mantua*, ile find
And he shall signifie from tim
Euery good hap to you, that
Giue me thy hand, tis late, fa
Ro. But that a ioy past ioy
It were a griefe, so briefe to p
Farewell.

Enter old Capulet,
Ca. Things haue falne out
That we haue had no time to
Looke you, she lou'd her kin
And so did I. Well we were
Tis very late, sheele not com
I promise you, but for your c
I would haue bin a bed an ho
Paris. These times of wo,
Madam goodnight, commen
La. I will, and know her m
To night she is mewed vp to
Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make
Of my childes loue: I thinke
In all respects by me: nay mo
Wife, go you to her ere you g
Acquaint her hereof, my sonn
And bid her, marke you me,
But soft, what day is this?
Paris Monday my Lord.
Ca. Monday, ha ha, well
A thursday let it be, a thursda

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.3